

broken. From the open window of an apartment building slips the chime of laughing voices. The boy stops a moment to listen. Then as the hot salt water scalds his cheeks, he rubs his eyes and runs swiftly down the sidewalk. The sounds grow fainter, until he is out of earshot. Finally he stops again, for in the street lies a dog. The animal is motionless and whimpers softly. He approaches the dog and notices that the hair around its neck is matted with blood. The sad brown

eyes look up at him, inarticulately begging for help. For an instant, perhaps the boy knows pity, for he stares down at the crippled animal. Then with all his force he lifts his foot and kicks the dog on the side of the head. With a loud yelp it tries to rise, fails, then falls back and is very still.

Slowly and with deliberation the boy rolls up his sleeves and without looking back walks silently away through the night.

The Banker

DORIS DALEY

Sylvester scowled at the traffic light because it was detaining him for a valuable moment or two; even though he could have crossed safely, he waited because that is the law. When the light changed, he hurried across the street with others who had eight o'clock appointments with destiny, and, just as he did every morning, looked in all the smart shop windows.

In all except the very worst weather, Sylvester walked the six blocks between his hotel and the office; exercise was good for him and it helped shake off the stagnant clinging atmosphere of the young man's hostelry. He really disliked the place, but it was convenient and not expensive, and was thoroughly respectable.

"Some day", thought Sylvester, "I will move into a big apartment, with a valet and cook of my own, and I'll have a limousine to drive to work in, and I'll be rich and famous, like the executive vice-president."

He smiled to himself as he hurried

through the big bronze and glass doors; he continued to smile as he benevolently greeted the elevator-boy, and the look of pleasure had not left his face when, closing the office door behind him, he nodded to the stenographer and errand-boy. Sylvester always strove to maintain his dignity in their presence because a private secretary must be worthy of the respect due him from such underlings.

He carefully hung up his correct black coat and lovingly placed his new derby on a peg — all big executives wore derbys. Adjusting his conservative red print tie in the mirror, he hurried to his desk and seated himself deliberately.

There were reports to fill out — endless reports — and letters to write and documents to check; some would have found it very dull, but Sylvester loved his work — it required neatness and accuracy, and Sylvester was proud of his neatness and accuracy. At home they had said he had no imagination — that he was a grind and

a prude — but he knew that it was the qualities of hard work and competence that made for success; imagination might help an inventor, but he was a businessman.

A harsh buzz disturbed the even rhythm of his writing, and Sylvester rose and hurried into the vice-president's leather-scented, book-lined office. In a moment he re-appeared with a huge envelope, walked out to the coat-rack, carefully donned coat, gloves, and derby, and hastened to the elevator. He smiled again at the elevator-boy, and thought what an exceptionally fine day it was — he always thought it so when the vice-president sent him to the bank, and today he was to deliver some important papers to the bank president himself.

Sylvester delighted in going to the bank — the massive, towering building, the brass doors and tellers' cages, polished until they were almost white, the thick steel doors in the vaults — all made him

feel important just looking at them; he belonged here and some day he would be a power to be reckoned with by the bank. He smiled at the two guards as he walked over to the stairs; they knew him now, — he came quite often on errands for the vice-president.

He walked up the flight of polished marble stairs to the bank president's office and entered hurriedly, importantly, but, as always, awed by his surroundings. A short while later he retraced his steps through the president's reception rooms, out through the heavy oak doors, down the stairs with their wide, graceful railings, past the guards, and, finally, through the huge outer doors, back to the restless dingy crowds who never have any business in banks with marble floors and polished steel vaults.

Sylvester smiled to himself as he hurried along — he smiled until he came to the traffic light, but he waited for it because it was red, and the law says you must wait.